Barkshire Lady's Garland:

In four Parts.

...'s Conquest over a Coy Lady of five thou...
...a Year, who having slighted many noble Of...
...s, was compell'd by *Cupid*, to wed a poor
...untry Attorney.

The Lady's Letter of Challenge to fight her
...on refusing to wed her in a Mask, without know
... who she was.

...ow they met by appointment in a Grove;
...here she oblig'd him to fight or wed her; he con...
...ted to the latter, took her for better or worse;

...ow they rid together in her Gilded Coach, to
... noble Seat or Castle, where she plac'd him in
... Room, an left him some Hours alone. And
...ith other things worthy of Note.

Printed for *J. Walker*; at the Hand and Pen in
High-holbourn.

The Barkſhire *Lady's Garland*

The Firſt Part. Tune of, *Slaves to* London.

BAtchelers of e'ry Situation,
Mark this ſtrange and true Relation,
Which in brief to you I bring,
Never was a ſtranger thing:
You ſhall find it worth your hearing
Loyal Love is moſt indearing,
when it takes the deepeſt Root,
Yielding Gold and Charms to *Boot*.
Some will wed for ſtore of Treaſure,
But the ſweeteſt Joy and Pleaſure,
Is in faithful Love you'll find,
Graced with a noble Mind.
Such a noble Diſpoſition,
Had this Lady, with Submiſſion;
Of whom I this Sonnet write,
Store of Wealth, and *Beauty* bright:
She had left by a good Grannum,
Full five thouſand Pound per Annum;
Which ſhe hell'd without controle;
Thus did ſhe in Riches roll,
Tho' ſhe had vaſt ſtore of Riches
Which ſome Perſons much bewitches;
Yet ſhe bore a courteous mind,
Not the leaſt to pride inclin'd.
Many noble Perſons courted,
This Young Lady 'tis reported:
But their Labour prov'd in vain;
They could not her Favour gain:

Yet by *Cupid*'s true aſſiſtance,
She was conquer'd after all;
How it was, declare I ſhall:
Being at a noble Wedding,
Near the famous Town of *Reading*,
A young genteel Man ſhe ſaw,
Who belonged to the Law,
As ſhe view'd his ſweet Behaviour,
Thy courteous Carriage gave her
New Addition to her Grief;
Force ſhe was to ſeek Relief.
Privately ſhe then enquir'd,
About him, ſo much admir'd,
Both his Name, and where he dwelt,
Such was the hot Flames ſhe felt.
Thenat Night this youthful Lady,
Call'd her Coach, which being ready;
Homeward ſtraight ſhe did return,
But her Heart in Flames did burn.

Part Second.

NIght and Morning for a Seaſon,
In her Cloſet vvou'd ſhe Reaſon
VVith herſelf, and often ſaid,
Why has my Love my Heart betray'd?
I that have ſo many ſlighted,
Am at length as well requited,
For my Griefs are not a few;
Now I find what Love can do.
He that has my Heart in keeping,
Tho' I for his ſake lye weeping,
Little knows what Grief I feel;
But I'll try it out with Steel.

For I will a Challenge send him,
And appoint, where I'll attend him
In a Grove without delay,
By the Dawning of the Day.
He shall not the least discover,
That I am a Virgin Lover,
By the Challenge which I send,
But for Justice I contend.
He has caused sad Distraction,
And I come for Satisfaction,
Which if he denys to give,
One of us shall cease Relief.
Having thus her Mind revealed,
She Letter clos'd and sealed;
Nwowhen it came to his Hand,
The young Man was at a stand.
In her Letter she conjur'd him,
For to meet, and well assur'd him,
Recompence he must afford,
Or dispute it with a Sword.
Having read this strange Relation,
He was in a Consternation;
Then advising with his Friend,
He persuades him to attend.
Be of Courage, and make ready,
Faint Heart never won fair Lady;
In regard it must be so,
I along with you will go.

Part Third.

EArly on a Summer's Morning,
While bright *Phabus* was adorning
E'ry Bower, with his Beams,
A fair Lady came it seems,

At the bottom of a Mountain,
Near a pleasant christial Fountain;
There she left her gilded Coach,
While the Grove she did approach:
Cover'd with her Mask, and walking,
There she met her Lover talking
With a Friend, that he had brought,
Straight she ask'd him who he sought.
I am Challeng'd by a Gallant,
You resolve to try my Tallant;
What he is, I cannot say,
But I hope to show him play.
Lady.] *It is I, that did invite you*
You shall Wed me, or i'll fight you
Underneath those spreading Trees,
Therefore chuse you, which you please;
You shall find I do not Vaper,
I have brought my trusty Rapier;
Therefore take your choice, says she,
Either fight, or Marry me.
Said he, Madam, pray what mean ye,
In my Life I ne'r have seen ye:
Pray unmask, your Visage show,
Then i'll tell you, aye or no?
L.] *I will not my Face uncover,*
Till the Marriage rights are over;
Therefore chuse now which you will,
Wed me, Sir, or try your skill.
Step within that pleasant Bower,
With your Friend one single Hour,
Strive your Thoughts to reconcile,
And i'll wander here the while.
While the charming Lady waighted,
The young Batchelor debated,

...for to be done?
Quoth his Friend, *The hazard run.*
If my Judgment may be trusted,
Wed her, Sir, you can't be worsted:
If she's rich you'll rise to Fame;
If she's poor, why, you're the same.
He consented to be married,
In the Coach they all was carry'd,
To a Church without delay
Where he Weds the Lady gay,
Those sweet pretty *Cupids* hover'd
Round her Eyes; her Face was cover'd
With a Mask, he took her thus,
Just for better, or for worse.
With a courteous kind Behaviour,
She presents his Friend a Favour;
And withal dismiss'd him straight,
That he might no longer wait.

Part Fourth.

As the gilded Coach stood ready,
The young Lawyer and his Lady,
Rid together till they came
To her House of state and fame.
Which appeared like a Castle,
Where he might behold a parcel
Of young Ceaders, tall and straight,
Just before her Palace-gate.
Hand in Hand they walk'd together,
To a Hall, or Parlour rather,
Which was beautiful and fair,
All alone she left him there.
Two long Hours there he waited,
Her return, at length he fretted;

And began to grieve at laſt,
For he had not broke his faſt.
Still he ſat like one amazed,
Round a ſpacious Room he gazed,
Which was richly beautify'd,
But, alas, he'd loſt his Bride.
There was peeping laughing, ſneering,
All within the Lawyers hearing;
But his Bride he could not ſee,
Wou'd I was at home thought he.
While his Heart was melancholy,
Said, the Steward, brisk and jolly,
Tell me Friend, how came you here,
You have ſome deſign I fear?
He reply'd, Dear loving Maſter,
You ſhall meet with no Diſaſter,
Thro' my means in any caſe,
Madam, brought me to this place.
Then the Steward did retire,
Saying, That he would enquire
Whether it was true or no;
Ne'r was Lover hamper'd ſo
Now the Lady who had fill'd him
With thoſe Fears, full well beheld him
From a Window, where ſhe dreſt,
Pleaſed at the pleaſant jeſt.
When ſhe had herſelf attir'd,
In rich Robes to be admir'd;
Like a moving Angel bright,
She appeared in his ſight.
[] *Sir, my Servants have related*
How you have ſome hours waited

Inmy Parlour, tell me who,
In my House you ever knew.
Madam, if I have offended,
'T was more than I ntended;
A young Lady brought me here:
That is true, said she, my Dear,
I can be no longer cruel,
To my Joy and only Jewel;
Thou art mine, and I am thine,
Hand and Heart I do resigne.
Once I was thy wounded Lover,
Now those Fears are clearly over,
By receiving what I gave,
Thou art Lord of all have.
Beauty, honour, love and treasure,
A rich Golden stream of Pleasure,
With his Lady he enjoys,
Thanks to *Cupid*'s kind decoys.
Now he's cloth'd in rich Attire,
Not Inferiour to a 'Squire;
Beauty, honour, riches store,
What can Man desire more?